CULTURE, CANADIAN STYLE, BY HUGH MacLENNAN

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Constance Robertson
Reviewed by Margaret Leech

"ILL FARES THE LAND"
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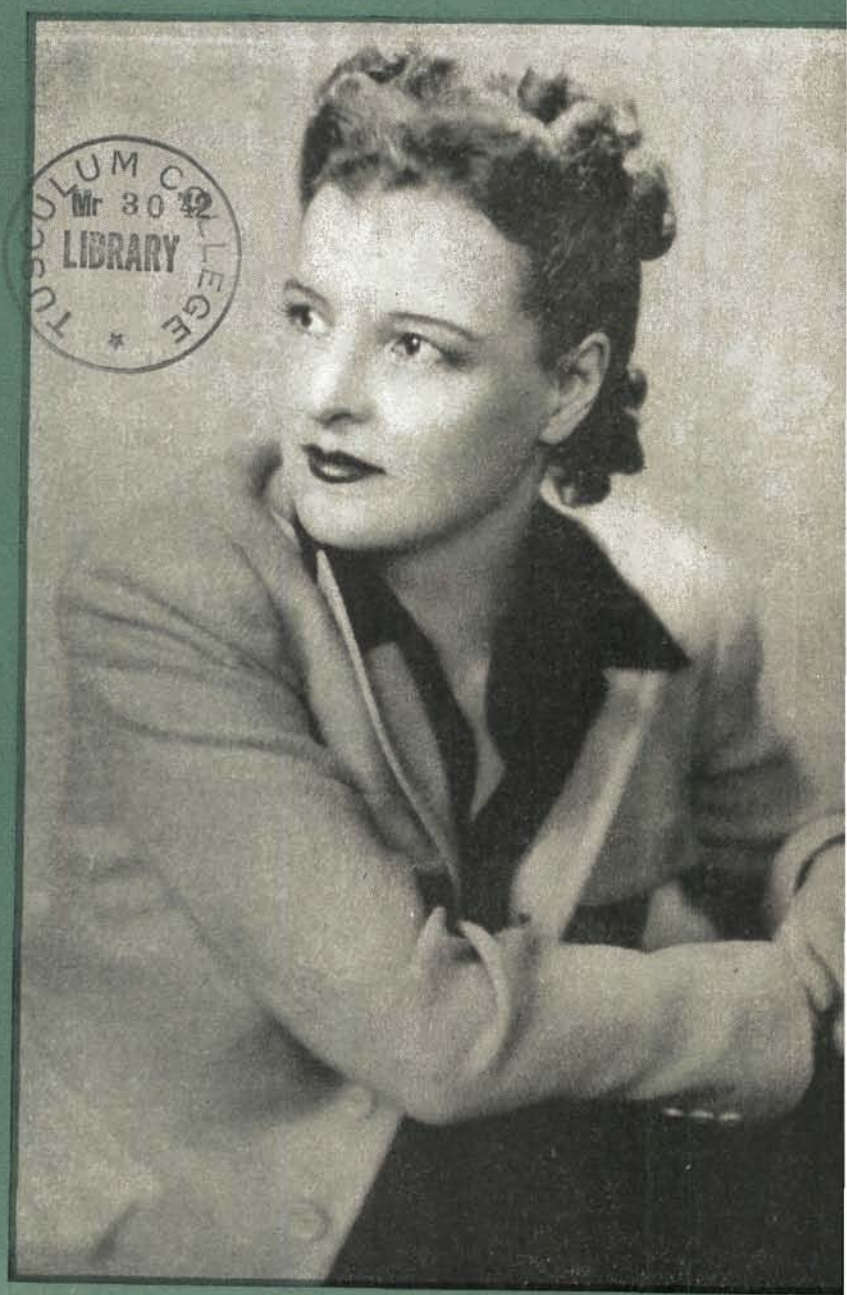

CONSTANCE ROBERTSON (author of "Salute to the Hero") found "the material for a full-flavored historical novel." *(See page 5)*

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—HORACE REYNOLDS
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Culture, Canadian Style

HUGH MacLENNAN

IT is a melancholy fact that whenever the subject of Canadian literature is raised, no one outside the country takes it seriously and those within protest too much. If we are willing to compare our country to nations of the Old World, not merely to England and France but to those nations like Finland and Norway which are comparable to ours in climate and population, we are forced to admit that Canadian literature, as a national cultural form, cannot be said to exist at all.

So long as Canadians do not try to realize what this fact means and why it is so, our country will continue to play its present negative role in world affairs, and our writers will keep on making false starts and getting nowhere fast.

For some unfathomable reason, up to the present the major part of writing done by Canadians has been limited to material drawn from early French-Canadian history. It would appear as though the writers of these books had convinced themselves that our market, the United States, would read about us only because everyone already knows about Evangeline, or because Champlain is as great a name in the United States as it is with us.

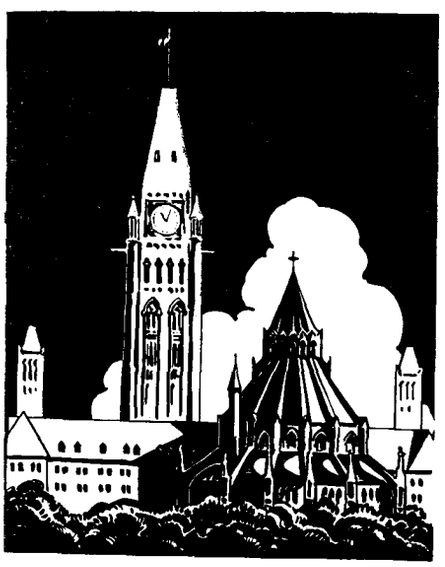
If we in Canada think we can develop a national literature by continuing to draw color from a way of life which has ceased to exist, we shall merely be substituting the costume piece for reality. And we shall fool no one, not even ourselves. The brutal fact will continue to stand, that to Americans, to Englishmen—even to ourselves—there are Canadian books, some exceedingly good ones, but there is no Canadian literature.

The implications of this statement reach far beyond a question of culture. Politically, they account for the fact that we are the least known to the world of all the great nations. It is a point which Americans, unfortunately, do not recognize, and Canadians are unwilling to acknowledge.

For some strange reason, whenever we speak of culture most of us feel we should be embarrassed. That sensible, jeering Yankee tradition has come close to abolishing the word from the language, not only in the United States, but in Canada as well. I don't refer to the culture of the young lady in "Main Street" nor to the abortion which the Germans call *Kultur* and identify with *Nationalismus*. What I mean can hardly be enclosed in a single sentence without some sort of contrast to build it up. It must be particularized and then defined.

Canada, relatively speaking, is an efficient country. Most of us receive something of an education. We have the second-highest standard of living in the world: plenty of bathtubs, neon signs, motor cars, airplanes, and the longest railway in the world. Babbitt would feel at home here, for we have thousands of live Rotarians and Kiwanians, and neither the Moose nor the Elk has died out. In business we pride ourselves on being almost at the head of the class. Those of us who know the breed would back a St. James Street banker of Montreal against a Wall Street financier any day.

And yet in spite of all this, in spite of our holders of college degrees, of titles, and of bank accounts, in spite of the fact that Canadians are at present serving as presidents of nearly two dozen American colleges and universities, it is still my contention that we have no culture of our own.



—*From "The Canadians," by George M. Wrong.*

We have been useful to mankind, to be sure, but as a nation we have contributed nothing to the cultural outlook of the world.

If every individual in Canada perished tomorrow, we should be of less interest to future historians than the people who lived in the old Graeco-Egyptian colonies of the Upper Nile are to us today. Those people had the widest wheat fields and the best system of transportation in the ancient world. They were the economic mainstay of the Roman Empire. But because they failed to establish a personal relationship between themselves and the rest of the world through a creative literature, no one in their own time or now has found them particularly interesting. They never satisfied that prime longing of a human being, the desire to know himself as he really is, the desire that others should know him as he knows himself.

IT took three years of living south of the border before I came to realize at last why it is that Canadians know Americans so well, while America's knowledge of us is confined to a strange interest in the diet of the Dionne girls, a concern for the amount of wildlife still waiting to be shot or caught in our wilderness, and a vague idea that the Mounted Police are romantic.

To some extent the tourist bureaus of Canada are responsible for this misplaced emphasis. They seem determined to pose areas of backwardness and poverty as picturesque, and to convince Americans that French-Canadians still depend upon outdoor bake-ovens. But tourist folders would never be taken seriously by anyone if there were better sources of information. The real cause of the stranger's ignorance must be traced to the fact that Canada has no national culture. By a nation's writers and artists is she known to the rest of the world. Infinitely more important, by these is she known to herself.

Here we are, occupying one-half of North America. Yet the rivers of ideas have consistently flowed from south to north, from the United States into Canada. Week after week the flood continues: magazines, books, radio pro-

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grams, movies, newspapers, advertisements, and comic strips. Through them all we know and judge the United States. Some of us even delude ourselves into the belief that the constant access to this external apparatus of thinking has made us indistinguishable from Americans.

On the other hand, those Americans who come here to live, fooled at first by the fact that the drugstore news-counters are identical with the ones left behind in their home towns, reflect ruefully a few months later that this seemingly familiar land of Canada is a baffling place to understand. There are so many undercurrents of thought and feeling in the Canadians which they have no way of evaluating, though the same kind of clothes, drinks, and stories are common to both sides of the border.

How could it be otherwise? How could we expect Americans to understand us? In exchange for the deluge of literature and information we receive from the United States, we send America nothing but tourist folders. And these concoctions describe the physical beauties of Canada in American terms, and hold up to the tourist the prospect of a society which does not exist.

IF this is a true picture of the cultural relationship between Canada and the rest of the world today, and more specifically between Canada and the neighbor with whom she most closely associates, it is time to ask ourselves why it is so. Why has the gift of tongues passed Canadians by? Why is it more difficult—and personal experience has taught me that it is infinitely more difficult—for a Canadian to write a good and honest book about his own society than for an American or an Englishman to do the same about his?

After years of searching, the answer which has been forced upon me is this: the kind of culture which is the concern of the writer has nothing whatever to do with efficiency. Only indirectly has it to do with science or with living standards. It is nothing more than the record of a point of view, and Canadians, as a people, are in the unique position of having no essential point of view germane to themselves as a geographical or political unit.

In the first place, there is in Canada a cleavage between the French and British races and languages, a cleavage aggravated by a difference in religion. Secondly, Canada serves by nature as a bridge between two other societies, both of which she understands but neither of which understand her, the United States and the British Empire. Although the ends of the bridge are not yet joined, the time may soon be at hand when history will wait no longer and the junction will be forced. Until that time Canada suffers acutely, as one of her own writers recently pointed out, from a schizophrenia induced by the forces of history, geography, and the international situation.

Canada has not yet made up her mind what she is because she has thus far been unable to decide what she wishes to become. It is for this reason that Canadians have been totally unable, up to the present, to achieve a significant point of view of their own which satisfies every part of the country. As a substitute, most of us have fallen back on provincialism.

If no writer has so far succeeded in making himself our spokesman, surely the reason lies here; our values, our national values, are coherently negative, rather than positive. We know what we are against long before we ever find out what we are for. In the last federal election, when Mr. Mackenzie King was returned to power by an overwhelming majority, the vote did not signify the immense popularity it suggested. Rather was it a vote against Mr. King's opponent. Mr. King has been for us the lesser of two evils for such a long time that he has enjoyed power longer than any other democratic statesman now alive. He well understands that provincialism is the strongest internal force we recognize. He knows that in the past we have been Nova Scotians, Ontarians, French-Canadians, and Westerners first. He knows that when we speak of Canada, most of us think of the Maritimes, of Ontario, of the prairies, or of Quebec.

Therefore, although we have produced a few poets who have written beautiful individual poems, and a few novelists whose work has sold into the hundreds of thousands, no Canadian writer has thus far succeeded in achieving a body of work upon which the rest of us can build a philosophy which satisfies us. Indeed, no Canadian novelist has even been able to provoke a controversy. So far there has been no Canadian Dickens or Thackeray, no Thoreau or Emerson. We haven't even been able to settle for a Canadian Hemingway.

THIS is the real reason why Englishmen and Americans do not know us. Far more important, it is why we don't know ourselves. The day has yet to come when one of us, deriving his point of view, deriving his philosophy from his own native society, will be able through the medium of a novel to give it back to his society as a liv-

(Continued on page 18)

THIS WEEK

Features

PAGE

CULTURE, CANADIAN STYLE
By Hugh MacLernan 3

RACHEL FIELD, 1894-1942
By Laura Benét 10

Reviews

SALUTE TO THE HERO
By Constance Robertson
Reviewed by Margaret Leech 5

ILL FARES THE LAND
By Carey McWilliams
Reviewed by Russell Lord 6

AMERICA'S STRATEGY IN WORLD POLITICS: THE UNITED STATES AND THE BALANCE OF POWER
By Nicholas John Spykman
Reviewed by Frederick L. Schuman 7

DEADLINE: THE BEHIND-THE-SCENES STORY OF THE LAST DECADE IN FRANCE
By Pierre Lazareff
Reviewed by Sidney L. McGee 8

THEY CALLED ME CASSANDRA: MEMOIRS OF GENEVIEVE TABOUIS
Reviewed by S. K. Ratcliffe 8

NAPOLEON'S INVASION OF RUSSIA, 1812
By Eugene Tarlé
Reviewed by Crane Brinton 9

FLIGHT IN WINTER
By John Clinton Adams
Reviewed by Count Carlo Sforza 11

FREE AS THE WIND
By Dascomb Atwood
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell 14

THE FOREIGNERS
By Preston Schoyer
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman 14

IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT
By Kenneth S. Davis
Reviewed by Amy Loveman 16

SAM SMALL FLIES AGAIN
By Eric Knight
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 16

WHO, WHAT, WHY IS RADIO?
By Robert J. Landry
Reviewed by John K. Hutchens 20

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 10
EDITORIAL 12
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 13
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 21
TRADE WINDS 21
DOUBLE CROSTICS CLUB 23

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The Story of Dan Sickles

SALUTE TO THE HERO. By Constance Robertson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 587 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARGARET LEECH

ON a February day in 1859, a young congressman strode across Lafayette Square and shot down a prominent Washington resident who had just stepped out of his club on the east side of the park. The victim was Philip Barton Key, district attorney of the District of Columbia and son of the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The assailant was Daniel E. Sickles, a leader in the Democratic party of New York and a friend of President Buchanan. Key had been the lover of Sickles's beautiful young wife, the daughter of an Italian music teacher, and the congressman's ensuing murder trial was the sensation and the *cause célèbre* of the day. The distinguished counsel for the defense—which included Edwin M. Stanton, later Lincoln's War Secretary—made the unprecedented plea of temporary aberration of mind. Sickles was acquitted in a blaze of notoriety. Even after the outbreak of the Civil War, souvenir-hunters were still collecting bits of bark from the tree under which Key had been murdered.

As a patriotic Democrat who promptly offered his services to Lincoln, Sickles won new fame in 1861. He raised the Excelsior Brigade of New Yorkers, and, though devoid of military training, rose to the rank of major-general and the command of an army corps. His conduct at Gettysburg was severely criticized by General Meade and other officers, but the loss of a leg in that action established Sickles as a popular hero. He became an adherent of the dominant Republican party. For a time he served, with conspicuous indiscretion, as minister to Spain. Near the close of his life, the aged veteran was removed from the chairmanship of the New York monuments commission on a charge of mishandling funds.

In this impetuous career, Miss Constance Robertson has found the material for a full-flavored and entertaining historical novel. As proof of the diligence of her research, she appends over eight pages of bibliography, including the report of Sickles's trial for murder. This is, however, the only section of the book in which the hero's true name appears. In the story, he is called Richard Bute. Even in citations of War and State Department papers, presumably otherwise authentic, the name of Bute is substituted for that of Sickles. It is rather startling to turn from the bibliography to the foreword which states that all characters in the tale

—From "Adventures of America."
Coward being drummed out of Union ranks.

are entirely fictitious. Perhaps Miss Robertson excused herself by making "the obvious exception of certain indispensable statesmen, military officers and legal lights."

The novel opens with the arrival of the sheriff at the old general's house on Fifth Avenue to serve a warrant for the misappropriation of the monument funds. With his one leg propped on a footstool, the veteran is sitting under the American flag. His portrait and his hacked and blood-stained uniform are near him. The sheriff is overwhelmed with embarrassment at his errand. Bute's "housekeeper" counts out in small change the money for the bond clerk's fee. The scene is so excitingly good that the reader is eager for the whole story of this hero who ended his days under the shadow of disgrace; but Miss Robertson dislikes Richard Bute too much to bring him fully to life. She is far more successful with her other main characters, Vinnie Bute (Theresa Bagioli Sickles), and Simon Brand (Philip Barton Key). The account of their love affair, of Brand's murder and Bute's trial—which consumes three-fifths of the novel—dramatically presents the tragedy of a shy, tender, neglected wife and the man in whom she has inspired devotion. Its progress heaps further villainies on the head of the already inhuman Bute, who, while keeping his mistress in his wife's house, has slyly encouraged Vinnie's love affair, in order to get a hold over Brand.

The title of the novel is, of course, ironic. It is Miss Robertson's business to strip the mask from the face of the hero. The face is scheming, cruel, ambitious, unscrupulous. There must have been more than that to Richard Bute. He raised a brigade and commanded an army corps and was influential in two political parties. In order to mishandle monument funds, he first had to be entrusted with them. At worst, he needed to possess a glow and fascination which never warm the cold and calculating fellow of Miss Robertson's invention. "Salute to the Hero" makes good reading; but most of us must believe in our villains before we can thoroughly detest them.

The Opulence of Rubens

LOVER OF LIFE. A Novel of the Life of Rubens. By Zsolt de Harsanyi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 678 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

MEREJKOWSKI'S novel of Leonardo da Vinci was a masterpiece of its kind because the author's insight, his capacity to relive the past in his imagination, and his ability to build three dimensional character, raised the work above mere documentation. The Rubens of this Hungarian author, to judge by the English translation, lies buried underneath the six volumes of documents which Ruelens edited, and which de Harsanyi has so faithfully paraphrased.

The complex narration of Rubens's activities as a diplomat would have had meaning if the reader could have felt what was at stake in all these maneouvres. The work of his brush would have lived on the page, as it lives on the canvas, if one could have sensed the man's experience being translated into color, form, and light. Instead of the former, one gets page after page of inert fact; in place of the latter, colorless verbal descriptions of Rubens's chief paintings. The intimate life of the painter is recorded without warmth. The Antwerp, Mantua, Rome, and Paris of his time are never so recreated that we feel their impact on the artist. Famous men and women,—Van Dyck, Marie de Medici, Galileo,—move in and out of the novel like guests at an overlarge party, with whom one shakes hands briefly. Long before the reader has turned the six hundredth page, he wonders why the author did not take a few liberties with historic fact. A Rubens without sensuous delight, without opulence of form and texture, is a Rubens in black-and-white, no Rubens at all.

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Footloose But Not Free

ILL FARES THE LAND. By Carey McWilliams. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 419 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

CAREY McWILLIAMS'S previous book, "Factories in the Field," was published shortly after John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath." It sustained ably with facts and figures the theme of Steinbeck's novel. Tories in the field, the Associated Farmers of California in particular, set up a cry that this was no mere coincidence but a conspiracy to undermine pastoral calm and confidence in the Republic.

Returning to his theme, but working now on a larger canvas, McWilliams takes pains, this time, to state that he has never met Steinbeck, that they operate quite independently, as novelist and investigator. He proceeds to show that California is interesting principally as a preview of a larger revolution.

"The Grapes of Wrath" has become a sort of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of our time. First as a book and then as a movie, it did more than anything else to establish the LaFollette and Tolan committees, investigating migrancy, and to keep them at work. It is largely from the records of these Congressional gearings that McWilliams documents his present work. And so, in a sense, an informal collaboration between story-teller and investigator continues in this work, with smashing effect.

"Ill Fares the Land" is terrifying. The style is quiet, sharp, and angry. The story is of vast stretches of rich land and countless human lives laid to desolation by headlong grab. Our Americans dispossessed, on the road with their families, are a barely visible swarm. It pays them for many reasons not to be too visible, to sneak in old cars with out of date licenses, often, under cover of night, from weary job to job. They have no land, little money, no vote, scant and fleeting social and educational status. Their condition of life is a footloose serfdom. Good cattle get better food and care. We are writing, of course, of a situation existing in 1942 A.D.

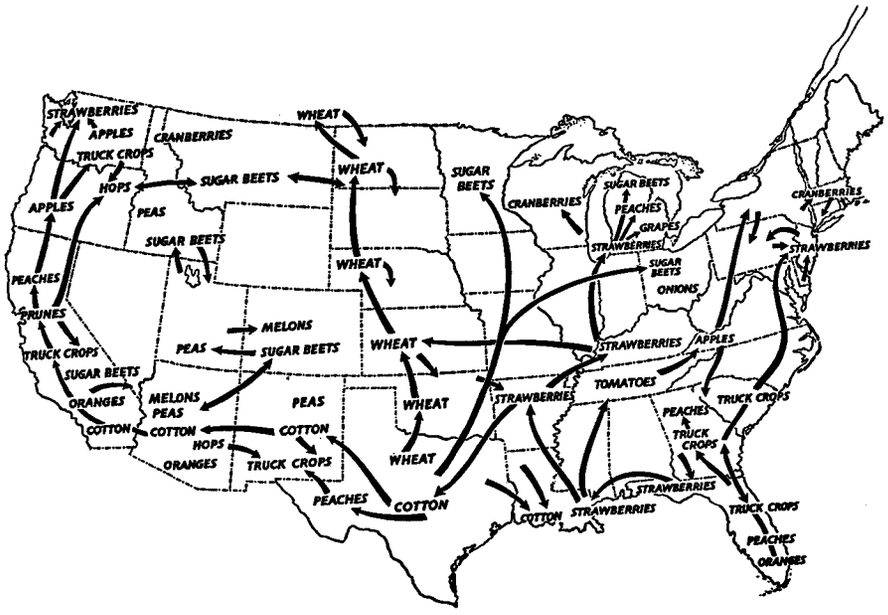
Most of them are Americans. Some are Mexicans, herded or smuggled in. McWilliams tells from authenticated records of Mexican men, women, and children bootlegged, forty or more to a truckload, with pails passed among them for toilet purposes, from the Southwest to the sugar fields of Michigan. Sometimes the trucks run for forty hours with barely a stop. How our states and regions suck in pauper labor for seasonal harvests, and then shove them out or back and forth when the harvest is ended—McWilliams reports this precisely and grimly, with names and places. "States exchange migrants as belligerents exchange prisoners of war," he shows.

But it is not the extreme and horrible examples of degradation he exhibits—great vegetable ranches, for example, where half of the field hands are syphilitic—it is not this which gives his book its greatest power. The author's analysis of what has caused all this, and what causes them even now to happen harder and faster, over more and more of our country—that, to me is the really horrifying thing about this book. His analysis gets going in the very first chapter and keeps going deeper throughout. He shows that tractors making dust and dust making Oakies, as Steinbeck has it, is a romantic oversimplification of the whole problem of maladjustments between men under democracy on the land. Machinery and technological change in general enter, of course, into a dispersion of small operators, and the accumulation of fewer and fewer owners on larger and larger tracts.

But behind this open and obvious advance of machinery is a more intricate and implacable force, the mechanism of finance capitalism. This led, McWilliams notes, to great displacements way back in the present century; people began being shoved around and off the land in Oklahoma shortly after Oklahoma became a state, he shows. He might have extended the same observation backward two hundred years or more, with justice, all the way back to Tidewater Maryland and Virginia, when tobacco became a cash crop, passing inland toward larger holdings, with ever more day hands and increasingly elaborate banking and sales connections.

Land waste, human waste, dispersion, and dispossession, are an old story in this land. But now, with "combine" harvesters advancing easterward from the Wheat Belt into the great Corn Belt, and with business combines, both agricultural and industrial, taking more and more of our good land over, the acceleration of such processes becomes frightening. We are in for changes that profoundly alter the simple Jefferson conception of land and man under democracy. "Ill fares the land; *to hastening ills a prey.*" The revolution is not simply impending; it is here.

Russell Lord is Editor of The Land, a Quarterly Magazine. *His books include "Men of Earth," "Behold Our Land," and "The Agrarian Revival."*



—*From the end papers.*

Flow of seasonal migratory farm labor in the United States. This chart indicates only direction, and not volume. The number of migratory farm workers in different areas varies considerably from year to year.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 417)

HUGH BYAS:

THE JAPANESE ENEMY

(HIS POWER AND HIS VULNERABILITY)

These three Sacred Treasures of the nation, acquired by each reigning Emperor of Japan on his accession, are the mirror of the Sun Goddess, signifying truth, the chaplet of jewels, signifying mercy, and the sword, signifying justice.

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Geo-Politics for America

AMERICA'S STRATEGY IN WORLD POLITICS: THE UNITED STATES AND THE BALANCE OF POWER. By Nicholas John Spykman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1942. 500 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

THE study of international relations has been so long dominated in the United States by legalistic and historical orientations and by an unhappy combination of moral fervor and loose thinking that only a few specialists (and these only in the last decade) have concerned themselves seriously with "power politics" as an inescapable concomitant of an anarchic State System. Among the few who have sought to study the game of power realistically, still fewer have profited from the remarkable contributions, used so long and so effectively by our enemies, of the German school of *Geopolitik.*

It is therefore a major event for an American scholar to attempt a reinterpretation of America's place in the world in terms of *Geopolitik.* Congratulations on a notable pioneer enterprise are due to Professor Spykman who spent his first twenty years in The Netherlands, his next seven years as a journalist in the Orient, and his next five as a student and teacher in California. He is now Sterling Professor of International Relations at Yale and was first director of the Yale Institute of International Studies. Congratulations are also in order to his mapmaker, Richard Edes Harrison, and to the Institute, now directed by Frederick S. Dunn, for making this work possible. The book is brilliant, incisive, provocative, well reasoned, well written, and altogether admirable as an analysis of American foreign policy from a point of view all too long neglected in the United States. It deserves a far wider market than it is likely to get, for it deals with enduring realities of politics and geography which Americans can continue to ignore only at enormous peril to their future.

Scholars may regret that Dr. Spykman does not make more explicit acknowledgment, apart from mention in a bibliography, of his obvious debt to MacKinder, Haushofer, Kjellen, Hennig, and the other founders of *Geopolitik.* Many of their concepts are an organic part of the framework of Dr. Spykman's own thinking. Lay readers, however, will welcome his forbearance in avoiding any abstract exposition of the higher metaphysics of the Geopoliticians and plunging forthrightly into his subject. "International society," he observes in his introduction,

> is a society without a central authority to preserve law and order, and without an official agency to protect its members in the enjoyment of their rights. The result is that individual States must make the preservation and improvement of their power position a primary objective of their foreign policy. A sound foreign policy for the United States must accept this basic reality of international society, and develop a grand strategy for both war and peace based on the implications of its geographic location in the world.

With unusual lucidity the author sets forth in the first half of his work the power position of the United States vis-a-vis the American continents, the transatlantic zone, the transpacific zone, and the total pattern of *Weltpolitik* in our time. Part two, "The Struggle for South America," contains the most illuminating analysis of Pan-Americanism and of the techniques, actual and prospective, of economic, political, psychological, and military warfare in the Western hemisphere which this reviewer has yet seen. Statistical tables in the appendices throw further light on America's position in the world economy. Dr. Spykman is at all times a realist. He says, for example, in an unusually acute critique of the "cultural propaganda" campaign in Latin America:

> A program of cultural rapprochement is, from a political point of view, the most useless form of ideological warfare, whatever may be its value as a program of adult education. The assumption that people who are fundamentally different will necessarily begin to like each other as they become better acquainted is erroneous and disproved in everyday life. The second great fallacy here is the naïve idea that, in a world of power politics, states coöperate because their populations admire each other. There is nothing in five thousand years of diplomatic history that supports this contention. Alliances are made in terms of geography and balance of power, not in terms of sentiment, and if there is a certain friendly feeling towards an ally, it is usually the effect and not the cause of political coöperation.

This analysis demonstrates the impossibility of "hemisphere defense" and casts doubt on the possibility of isolated "quarter sphere" defense in North America and the "American Mediterranean." In his conclusions Dr. Spykman shows little enthusiasm for projects of world federation or Anglo-American hegemony and argues for a program of a viable world balance of power. He grants that this is "inherently unstable" and "is certainly not an ideal power pattern for an international society. But while we can deplore its shortcomings, we shall do well to remember that it is an indispensable element of an international order based on independent States." He looks forward to regional federations of such a nature as not "to exclude us from the transoceanic zone, thereby exposing us once again to the danger of encirclement." One wishes that these conclusions had been developed more concretely and at greater length. But if this work stimulates Americans to some realistic geopolitical thinking about Grand Strategy, it will have rendered a unique and valuable contribution to the winning of the war and the peace.

Frederick L. Schuman is the author of "Design for Power."

—*Buffalo Evening News.*

"Out of These Trenches—to the Offensive!"

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Of France We Speak

DEADLINE: THE BEHIND-THE-SCENES STORY OF THE LAST DECADE IN FRANCE. By Pierre Lazareff. Translated by David Partridge. New York: Random House. 1942. 359 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY L. MCGEE

HERE is a book to be recommended not to those who have made up their minds about the responsibility of labor or capital for the fall of France, but to those who want more information before making up their minds. It is a journalist's record of his observations in the decade before Vichy. It is a "Who's Who" of French politics, journalism, and intrigue, an exposé of the venality of the press, a revelation of the stupidity and weakness of patriotic men, an unveiling of class and group selfishness.

It presents a picture, not of the weakness of democracy, but of what class warfare can do to democracy, of what a jealous military hierarchy can do to democracy, of what well-meaning but incompetent leaders can do to democracy.

It should be read and taken to heart by labor leaders, farm-block partisans, and capitalists, by all men who, although patriotic in intentions, use patriotism as a screen behind which to further some special interest or to retain some privilege.

Pierre Lazareff was editor of France's largest newspaper, *Paris-Soir*. He was the intimate friend or close associate of high ranking politicians, journalists, diplomats, industrialists, and society leaders. He records what he saw and heard with conviction and authority, and with a restraint that is remarkable under the circumstances.

Daladier is portrayed in his weakness and vacillation which were so long obscured by his bold voice, his table-beating fists, and his photogenic chin. Reynaud, at first the hope of liberals, is exposed in his subjection to the ultra-conservative and ambitious Hélène de Portes. Georges Bonnet and Pierre Laval are the villains of the piece, the former for his underhanded policy of appeasement, the latter for his criminal conniving with Mussolini and Hitler. Pétain is revealed as having aspired to leadership in some such government as that of Vichy long before war came. Darlan is portrayed as an opportunist. Otto Abetz and the machinations of the Fifth Column are revealed in all their suave treachery. The newspapers, tools almost without exception of special interests, are shown as sharing a large part of the responsibility for the plight of France. The Communists are no less guilty than the Conservatives. In the author's gallery of more than six hundred characters, only Georges Mandel, among the more important, comes through unscathed.

Genevieve Tabouis

There is not much in the book that is new, although there are some hitherto unpublished documents and records of cabinet meetings and conversations which provide enlightening footnotes to history. Its great value lies in its broad compass and in its clear and rapid exposition of the tragic course of events which led to the defeat of France by Frenchmen.

But Pierre Lazareff has not lost hope, and his concluding paragraph is worth quoting for the benefit of those who still love France:

> What matters for the future is that ninety-nine per cent of all Frenchmen—at home or overseas—are united in their determination to destroy Nazism and to liberate their country. France was undermined and betrayed from within. The French people were systematically misled by a venal and treasonous press. France fell. The world was shocked by her fall, but will be amazed by the suddenness of her resurrection.

Contest for Men in the Services

A joint writing contest for men in the services with a first prize of $100 and second prize of $50 is announced by the New Directions Press. The winning stories will be published in the annual summer fiction number of *Direction* in June, 1942. In addition, the New Directions Press will publish an anthology of the best stories submitted. Contributions may be in the form of a short story or sketch.

THEY CALLED ME CASSANDRA: MEMOIRS OF GENEVIEVE TABOUIS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 424 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by S. K. RATCLIFFE

WELL, why shouldn't they? There is some rivalry for the label. It is adopted now and again by the most fitting contestant in America and also, oddly enough, by the male columnist of a London tabloid daily. After all, Priam's unhappy daughter could not help knowing what was destined to befall. Her modern counterparts might perhaps have been listened to if they had not so resolutely walked alone.

The story told in these memoirs makes it easy to understand why the name of Tabouis came to have a terrifying sound in some foreign offices. A conventual girlhood, here sketched in a few contemptuous paragraphs, led Madame Tabouis to the study of Egyptology before she decided to crash the press. For a career in journalism she possessed certain initial advantages. She is a niece of the brothers Cambon, conspicuous among French diplomats during the last stage of the old European system. Her wiles were exactly suited to the technique perfected in our day by some half-dozen Parisian journalists. She could enter any door, or contrive to overhear through her informant within. She came to be known as the most thoroughgoing private user of the long-distance telephone. She could make a shot at the facts from the most meager information. She had no pity for an opponent in office or at a strategic point, and not too much for any others.

It is not a little curious that this tempestuous pen-woman should have found, during not less than a dozen years, a satisfying field of adventure in the old halls and secretariat of the League of Nations. Her start there was in 1924, the year of Herriot and Ramsay MacDonald, and of the Dawes plan for reparations (now a prehistoric memory). Herriot, she thought, came as near to sound statesmanship as a French politician could hope to reach. The brilliant talents of Briand stirred her to admiration, while for Barthou, murdered in Marseilles, she had an ironic affection. Among the rabble of place-hunters and intriguers with whom these men strove she could find cleverness in plenty, but little character and hardly a shred of patriotism. In the annals of our time there cannot be any more blistering pages than those which Tabouis devotes to the central objects of her

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scorn—Tardieu, Bonnet, Laval, and the rest. Her merciless account of Bonnet goes to support the theory that the Munich surrender was unavoidable.

The Tabouis list of news-scoops includes two or three that are among the luckiest of the past twenty years. It was she alone who disclosed (January, 1935) the secret agreement between Mussolini and Pierre Laval. This preluded the distressing four-powers scheme of that year, and insured the futility of the League attempts to impose penalties upon Italy because of Ethiopia. Some months later, Madame Tabouis shared with Pertinax the glory of making known the Hoare-Laval conversations, thereby provoking a storm which, though impressive as a demonstration of newspaper and parliamentary opinion, could not produce results in policy. Tabouis indeed has furnished us time and again with convincing proofs of the impotence of sensational news.

Every observer, it is said, has his own explanation for the fall of France. That does not seem to me an accurate way of stating the phenomenon. The plain truth, I submit, is this: No great catastrophe in history has ever been so fully, swiftly, and justly described and appraised as the appalling tragedy of 1940. There is no conflict in the record. The multiple streams of testimony flow all in one direction. Every piece of evidence has its place in the building up of what the world knows to be a ghastly monument of disunion and incompetence, of neglect and treachery and fear. Madame Tabouis, as we knew she must, adds her own vivid picture. It is all here: the meanness of politics, parties and cliques, the unending personal feuds, the incredible corruption of the Paris press, the wretched private troubles of public men, the astounding behavior of their mistresses. And beneath and behind all this, the bitter loss of faith in the noble French creed; the cynicism which, in the two decades after Versailles, destroyed the vital structure of the Republic.

Tabouis is a slapdash writer. The details of accuracy have no attraction for her. She has given little care to the American edition of her memoirs. Not even the French names have been checked. She has a wrong date for the French invasion of the Ruhr; she is a month out in the murder of Dollfuss. And how in the world did a succession of correctors manage to pass the grotesque statement that Stanley Baldwin, England's last conservative prime minister, is "a descendant of William Morris?" Baldwin was born only thirty-three years after Morris. He is, at any rate, a nephew by marriage of Edward Burne-Jones, the poet-craftsman's intimate friend and colleague!

The Way of the Transgressors

NAPOLEON'S INVASION OF RUSSIA, 1812. By Eugene Tarlé. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. *422 pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

EUGENE TARLÉ is the dean of Russian historians still in Russia. Born in 1874, he received the kind of academic professional training that was in those days universal in the Western world. Liberal or mildly socialistic under the Czarist regime, he none the less was able to make a place for himself in the academic world, and developed a special interest in economic history. The October Revolution intensified his Marxism, and he rose to a high position in the learned world of the Soviets. In 1927 he published a study of the origins of the Four Years' War in European imperialism, 1871-1914—not, so far as as this reviewer knows, translated into English—in which he put much of the burden of "war guilt" on Germany.

As the party line in these matters shifted, he fell foul of the redoubtable Pokrovsky and was forced for a while into retirement if not into exile. But he survived, and when the party line shifted to the "United Front" of the democracies he came back into favor. In this period he wrote the present book, the Russian version of which is dated 1938. It is a most patriotic book, which ends with a ringing peroration, unaccountably omitted in the English translation, and a warning to Germany to take heed from Napoleon's fate. It is perhaps evidence of the unreality of the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939 that, so far as this reviewer knows, Tarlé did not suffer in 1939-41 for his known hostility to Germany.

This is of course a most opportune book. Those strange place-names that fill our newspapers—Maloyaroslavets, Dorogobuzh, Kaluga, Mozhaisk, Smolensk—occur again and again in this book, and the whole situation in 1812 offers such obvious parallels with the present that history takes on a striking immediacy. Americans who are ignorant of the events of 1812 will, however, do well to begin with a reading of the little book Hilaire Belloc wrote in the centennial year 1912 on "The Campaign of 1812 and the Retreat from Moscow." Tarlé, like so many professional historians these days, has not cultivated the art of skilled narration, and his book fails to give a clear, over-all account of the campaign. This is precisely what Belloc does admirably. Once the necessary background is clear, however, Tarlé's book is of extraordinary interest—even more perhaps for an understanding of Russia in 1942 than in 1812.

There is, first, much new material from Russian archives, letters to and from the generals and the Czar, private letters and journals, contemporary printed accounts, none of which has been available to English-speaking people. But more important is the polemical skill with which Tarlé has organized this material into an admirable historical pamphlet addressed to strengthening the morale of the Russia of the Soviets. Tarlé is too good a historian to falsify his documents or invent "facts"—but then, even von Treitschke was too good a historian for that. What Tarlé does is to highlight his facts, emphasize some and neglect others, drive home his own interpretations.

His central thesis is that Napoleon was beaten in spite of Czar Alexander and the bulk of the nobility by the sheer courage and determination of the Russian people, in uniform and out. In the army it was the undying will of the common soldier, aided by the skill of a few general officers Tarlé likes, notably Barclay de Tolly and Kutuzov, that won the war. Among the people it was the heroic guerillas or partisans who harassed the French behind the lines, the peasants who applied what we now call the "scorched earth" policy, who made victory possible. It will be seen that the historian Tarlé is in substantial agreement with the novelist Tolstoy. For Alexander, Tarlé has undisguised contempt. He admits the Czar's patriotism and courage, but that is all. Throughout the book there runs a strong—and nowadays rather indiscrete—Anglophobia, which the translator has made no apparent attempt to disguise. Cathcart, the British ambassador, and Robert Wilson, British representative with the Russian arm-

—From the jacket.

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ies, wanted, according to Tarlé, to annihilate the French and capture Napoleon, and for this purpose they didn't care how many Russians were killed. The wise Kutuzov, however, wanted merely to get the French out of Russia, and wanted to do it at the least expense of Russian lives. Hence the slowness of the Russian pursuit of the fleeing French, aimed merely at letting cold and hunger decimate their ranks.

The Marxist interpretation—presumably the currently orthodox one—comes out constantly. For Tarlé, it is the French big businessmen, the upper bourgeoisie, who provoked the war in order to obtain a monopoly of the European markets. That of course is just what the English wanted for themselves, and that is why they were the allies, not of the Russian people, but only of the Russian ruling classes. Marx and Engels actually had a direct word or two to say on the subject, since they wrote a few biographical articles in the *New American Encyclopedia* in the 1850's on such figures as Barclay and Bennigsen. These Tarlé drags with obvious delight, unimportant though they are.

"Napoleon dominated an immense empire, inhabited by the most diverse, wealthy, civilized nations. His power over them was unbounded, his military genius was and still is regarded as unsurpassed in the history of mankind. The Russian people smashed this giant." Thus concludes Tarlé. His is an interesting book, not only for its innumerable sidelights and revealing details of actual history, but even more for the way in which it illuminates the way many important Russians now think and feel.

Rachel Field

1894-1942

LAURA BENÉT

THE news of Rachel Field's sudden and tragic passing from an earth on which her feet seemed so firmly set and where she was so peculiarly necessary, is an iron fact that cannot be grasped by those who knew her. Few, if any, of the women of her generation, conveyed the impression of such abundant and overflowing vitality. There was a warmth about her personality, her quick walk, the tones of her voice, the wave of her hair, and those intense honest eyes of hers.

Rachel's keen interest was in life—in every little homely, everyday item of it—her friends, their joys and sorrows, the books she was writing for children and illustrating with her own pictures, dolls of various kinds, mottoes, favorite poems, old furniture, herbs, flowers, and special ways of doing cookery as well as the books and plays of the hour—especially "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." And was any author ever more generous with herself and her means, whether rich or straitened? Her apartment door stood open to her friends—that cosy apartment on St. Mark's Place, East 10th Street. Here in her sitting room there hung on the walls two special great patchwork quilts made in chosen patterns for her. In a corner was a tall desk, once used by a Maine schoolmaster. A company of rare and ancient doll ladies kept house in an old walnut bookcase with glass doors; and there were several music boxes, one of which, a combined music and work-box had belonged to the English novelist and poet, Mary Webb.

When I met Rachel she had already made a name for herself in the one-act plays like "Three Pills in a Bottle," that were constantly being performed. Her first volume of verse, "The Pointed People," was brought out by the Yale Press. The characteristic tiny books, "Eliza and the Elves" (in collaboration with the artist, Elizabeth Mackinstry), "Taxis and Toadstools," "Little Dog Toby," and others were swiftly followed by a bewitching saga, "Hitty; Her First Hundred Years," which carried off the Newberry Medal, written around a little wooden doll carved out of ash wood and discovered in a shop in Greenwich Village. "Hitty" was followed by two other books, "Calico Bush" a story of a bound girl, and "Hepatica Hawks," a most natural tale of a girl giantess, one of her best studies in the juvenile field.

During the summer of 1930 I visited Rachel at her cottage, "The Play-House" on Sutton Island, Maine, opposite Seal Harbor. Here she seemed as individual as in the New York apartment, embodying in herself the freshness, zest, and buoyancy of that coast and its sturdy folk. Out of Maine and its mysterious islands came "God's Pocket," a book that seemed to carry sea and winds in its every word—and that remarkable fantasy, "The Shell, the Comb and the Bird," a legend of a fairy wife brought home by a New England sailor. But the book of her books that shook and excited me, yes, even more than "All This and Heaven Too," was her first novel, "Time Out of Mind." Written and published in 1935 at the time of her happy marriage to Arthur Pederson, this was a poignant story of a Maine girl, a revealing history of a woman's heart—simple, vigorous, and salty.

A word must be said of her two small books of moving poems, "Branches Green" and "Fear Is the Thorn." More of a story-teller than poet, she had the mind of a poet. In 1939 her career reached its peak in her splendid novel, "All This and Heaven Too," telling the dramatic life of a great-uncle's French wife.

A tonic and a stay to those who loved her, Rachel Field will live in the hearts of her friends.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MORE LITERARY "ROLL CALLS"

Here are ten more groups of characters who are more easily recognized as a group than as individuals. (Others appeared in the issue of Sept. 27, 1941.) Allowing 5 points if you can recall the story in which each group appeared, and another 5 if you can remember the author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Dunder, and Blitzen.
2. Jimmy, Asia, Australia, Europena, and Billy.
3. John Snell, Mr. Macey, Ben Winthrop, Mr. Tookey, Bob Lundy, Dowlas, and Jem Rodney.
4. Dona Maria, Pepita, Uncle Pio, Jaime, and Esteban.
5. Rachel Winslow, Edward Norman, Alexander Powers, Virginia Page, Rollin Page, Milton Wright, and Donald Marsh.
6. John Wharton Billson, Thurlow G. Wilson, Banker Pinkerton, Gregory Yates, L. Ingoldsby Sargent, Nicholas Wentworth, Robert J. Titmarsh, Eliphalet Weeks, Oscar B. Wilder, Archibald Wilcox, and Clay Harkness.
7. Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, Diomede, Ulysses, Nestor, Sinon, Machaon, Patroclus, and Menelaus.
8. Bellman, Boots, Barrister, Broker, Billiard-marker, Beaver, Baker, Butcher, Banker, and Bonnet-maker.
9. Tom, Al, Noah, Ruthie, Winfield, Rosasharn, Ma, Pa, and Grampa.
10. Ralph Rackstraw, Dick Deadeye, Bill Bobstay, Bob Becket, and Tom Tucker.

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Wars and War Hatreds

FLIGHT IN WINTER. By John Clinton Adams. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1942. 282 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by COUNT CARLO SFORZA

MR. ADAMS's book describes the Serbian tragedy of 1915 in terms of political and military history. And what he says is frequently strong and effective. But to me, who almost saw it, the Serbian retreat was much more; it was a human miracle. It was no mere question of divisions, brigades, regiments, often quoted in this book. The corps that had preserved a military appearance were rare indeed. Most of them no longer bore arms. Day after day, in the pouring rain, thousands of gaunt, hollow-eyed ghosts kept arriving at the coast; they could barely murmur "lleba" (bread). But no bread was forthcoming; rations diminished daily; on the morning of December 16 the corpses of a dozen soldiers and noncommissioned officers, all dead of hunger, were picked off the roads near Scutari.

The retreat of the Serbian army had been conducted over three different routes: through Elbassan and Tirana towards Durazzo; through Ipek and Podgorica towards Scutari; and through the valley of the White Drin again to Scutari. But this did not happen in accordance with military plans: the Serbs were peasants and they understood that long military columns would have been doomed to death. Instinctively, without orders—just as without orders they revolted against a corrupt and pro-fascist Karageorgevich in 1941—they chose the best tactics; they broke up into little groups, each proceeding through a different valley.

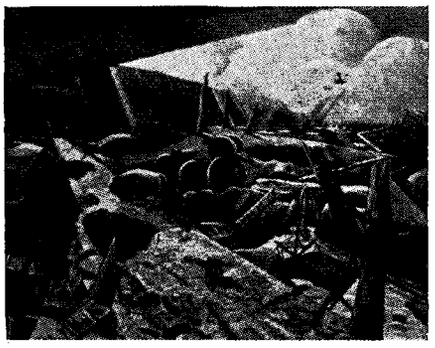
The Prime Minister Pashich took the hardest but shortest route: the trail through Podgorica to Scutari. He was the first to arrive in the northern Albanian city. Later, in Corfu, he told me that the moments which he spent awaiting the arrival of the soldiers were among the most poignant of his life. What would they be like when he met them? Would they be bands in revolt, as happened twelve months later with the Russian soldiers when they deserted the western trenches? Or Serbs still retaining their traditional loyalty to the ideal of a free, independent Serbia?

They did. And this was the miracle. Pashich, the man who most hated rhetoric, was right when—his voice broken by emotion—he said to the ministers of France, Great Britain, Italy, and Russia on December 16, 1915: "Do you believe that there is another army in the world capable of suffering silently as our soldiers have suffered? For my part, I am amazed that they have not killed us. Are we not responsible, in their eyes, for having been unable to organize anything? Yet, you know, you ministers of the Entente, that it was not our duty to do the organizing for things that had mainly to be furnished by France, since France had promised to do so."

But Pashich was a great soul; and he did not recriminate any more; he knew that what was happening was a tragedy of errors—as always it happens in coalition wars. Is it not true in 1942 as it was true in 1915, heroes buried under the ruins of Singapore and of Penang?

Mr. Adams devotes many pages to the friction between Italians and Serbs in 1915 and to certain gross errors of Italian diplomacy. Friction existed and errors existed; nobody has more frankly exposed the errors of Baron Sonnino, then Italian Foreign Minister, than I have done first in speeches in the Italian Parliament and later on—when fascism destroyed any freedom of speech—in books. Mr. Adams seems victim of the fatal mistake of all the historians who document themselves on a certain period, forgetting that historical roots matter in Europe more than elsewhere.

Sonnino's main error was to believe, even at the end of 1915, that the war would be short; hence all his miscalculations, all his lack of vision and of generosity. On the contrary, Bissolati, the Italian minister who before me headed the cause of an intimate friendship with Yugoslavs and Czechs, had written in the winter of 1914: "The Italians must know that a very long war is in store, with several reverses in its course." Later on Bissolati—like myself when I became Foreign Minister—asserted always that the supreme interest of Italy needed the complete independence of the Yugoslavs and of the Czechs. Twenty years later, the Nazi and Fascist crimes of 1939 and 1940 have proved even to the most blind in Italy how right we were. But Bissolati was branded by the "realists" as an "idealist": perhaps the Americans have at last realized, in this year of grace 1942, that the idealists see sometimes the ways of the future better than the "realpolitikers" of isolation memory.



"Void, 1918."

The present criminal policy of Mussolini and of his fascist gang may explain—to a certain extent—a few anti-Italian generalizations. But, really, this book goes a little too far when it tries to prove that the safe arrival of the Serbs from the bombed Albanian shores to the safety of Corfu happened almost in spite of Italian opposition. Sonnino may have made any sort of mistakes. But the fact remains that the greatest part of the Serbian army was saved by the Italian navy.

The author of this book has not hesitated to reproduce cheap phrases against the bravery of the Italian soldiers in 1915 and 16, not suspecting that their origin has probably to be traced to Austrian *agents provocateurs*—of which so many existed in Albania and in the Balkans. An Italian cannot answer. It is beneath his dignity. But well may answer the Serbs. When two years after the retreat of Albania, in February, 1917, Italians and Serbs fought in Macedonia side by side for the liberation of Serbia, Voivode Michich wrote to his Italian colleague, Petitti, as soon as the reports reached him of a bloody battle where many Italians perished, not far from southern Serbia: "I am filled with admiration for the magnificent exploits of your valiant troops."

If, reluctantly, I have made an allusion to the less serene part of this book, it is because I feel it my duty to point out that nothing may be more detrimental to the supreme interests of America at war then generalizations made, out of hatred, against whole nations. Yes, Italy is at war with Britain, against the will of almost forty-four million Italians, and only because an adventurer—now master in Italy—feels that his fate is linked with Hitler's personal fate. But why should we forget that popular revolutions are no more possible in this era of machine-guns and tanks and that a Mussolini found more enthusiastic supporters among certain American circles than in Italy? Any thoughtful American and British writer ought to consider it a crime against this country to say things which may help Nazi or Fascist propaganda to make believe that ALL the Germans, ALL the Italians, ALL the Japanese are hated or despised. This is not a war of nationalities, it is a war of ideas, of passions. In a sense it is almost a religious war.

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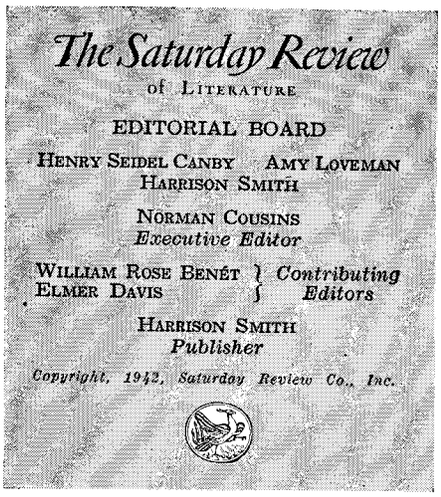

THE PLAIN CITIZEN AND THE WAR

THE dilemma of a world forced to mobilize all its energies and all its capacities for war and yet confronted with the knowledge that no urgency is greater than that it maintain its moral stamina despite its concentration on military effort, is a difficult one. On the one hand, the civilian is berated as unawake to the situation and indifferent to the need if he carries on life as usual; on the other, as seeking excitement or buzzing around in a misdirected zeal if he gives up his usual routine before the emergency demands it. The rationing of gas and sugar, the impending deprivation of certain luxuries which have come to appear necessities, even high taxes and the prospect of higher—these the average American takes in his stride as the inevitable consequences of the situation. So it leaves him still with a feeling of frustration to realize the inadequacy of his contribution to a cause without the success of which all the values which have made his life worth living will become of no avail. What can he do in its hour of trial to benefit his country without disrupting the smooth working of plain, everyday living?

He can bend his efforts to clear thinking and unprejudiced judgment. When the war is over, and passion spent, there will still remain dangers as great as those that have threatened during its waging. Nearly a quarter of a century ago we lost a peace after we had won a war because we did not have the vision to foresee the psychological as well as the material aftermath of its provisions, and if the world is now to be made safe for democracy we cannot afford to make the same mistake again. We of this era of disaster are in a unique and uniquely advantageous position in that a generation which fought one conflict and made the terms of peace which concluded it is still alive to draw up the treaties which will end an even greater struggle. Never before in modern times has so vast a proportion of the people on whom the incidence and agony of contemporary battle rest known at first hand the devastating effects of an earlier conflict. And it follows, therefore, that never before has there been so great an opportunity to face the negotiations when they come with so clear a prevision of the dangers which beset a post-war world. The problems which will confront all nations when once the victory has been secured bristle with difficulties, for they will mean a complete reorientation of thinking even for those who have been wont to take a comprehensive view. What is to become of the Western attitude toward the yellow races when the war will have been won with the defeat of one of them and with the assistance of others? What of the hostility toward totalitarianism in view of the contribution toward the defeat of the enemy which will have been made by one of the great dictatorships? What of the markets that have been wrested from the foe or lost to him?

To talk of peace in concrete terms now when the issue still hangs in the balance is of course to be absurd, but no less is it to be absurd to fail to anticipate the mental adjustments which will have to be made when finally the fighting comes to an end. It would be fatal for the future to improvise a peace in the sense of presenting it in advance of the readiness of public sentiment to support it. Whatever shifts in political and economic practice it may have to encompass, whatever changed attitude toward class and caste it may embody, these though impossible to forecast at present are not so wholly beyond conjecture as to make it impracticable to think of them in general terms. The harder the thinking, the more analytical the writing, the broader the reading that Americans do along these lines the better the chances will be for a peace that is lasting. To keep as closely informed of what is happening from day to day, to acquire a background knowledge of events so that they appear not in a vacuum but in the framework of the past, to follow and ponder the best thought of experts in social, political, and economic matters, and to form personal judgments based on sound information and open-minded examination of variant points of view is a duty of high usefulness which lies open to everyone to perform.

A. L.

Unmask Before Midnight

By Margaret Widdemer

UNCLASP your domino,
Slip the bright mask you have worn;
Surely by now you know
Nothing that was untrue
Could ever comfort you.

These are your brothers born;
You cannot help or guide
Feet torn
You cannot feed starved lips
With lips repainted bright
Over the white,
Or wet eyes inked to stars:
Drop the gay silk that slips
Over your scars.

You knew the tearing thorn
You knew the starving time.
Then let your true face stare
Unhelped by mask or mime,
Fronting them bare.

Unclasp your gayety,
Hang away your pride . . .
What was it comforted you
In that worst hour you knew?
Sight of scar-twisted Hands
And a scarred Side.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Fugitive Papers"

SIR:—There appeared in this evening's newspapers a story carrying a headline similar to this one; 189 AMERICAN SEAMEN LOST IN WRECK OF 2 NAVAL SHIPS. CARGO VESSEL AND DESTROYER DASHED TO BITS. The news article went on to say how both the vessel and the destroyer were pounded to pieces near the entrance to the St. Lawrence harbor close to the town of St. Lawrence, Newfoundland. Although the disaster occurred during the daytime the poor visibility and heavy surf hampered the rescue efforts of the residents of St. Lawrence.

This unfortunate catastrophe in the Atlantic, following on the heels of even greater calamity in the Pacific, recalled to mind an excellent book published some years back by Columbia University Press. The book, "Fugitive Papers," by Russell Gordon Smith, contains among its superb essays one entitled, Christmas, 1917. The incidents in this essay bear some resemblance, striking in ways, to the incidents mentioned in the above disaster. I think the book and particularly the essay, Christmas, 1917, will stand a reading now. The book should be brought forth from its ivory tower and called to the attention of your readers. The author's great courage and unfailing fortitude are examples of what true American action should be like today.

PRESTON C. BERGER

Flushing, L. I.

A Note on "The Sign of Four"

SIR:—Sherlock Holmes addicts will, I presume, be interested in the similarities between "The Sign of Four" and its predecessor "Treasure Island." That both are adventure stories told in the first person, chiefly by two principal narrators, goes without saying. But in addition each mystery hinges largely on a rude map marked with crosses to indicate (a) the "sign of four" (b) the location of the treasure; in each the treasure has been moved from the place designated by the map (a) to Sholto's secret attic (b) to Ben Gunn's cave; and in each empty diggings are presented in connection with the failure to find the treasure. The dominant figure in each story is a seafaring man with one leg, fear of whose arrival becomes an obsession with the person who has treacherously appropriated the map (a) Major Sholto (b) Billy Bones. It may perhaps be added that Sholto shoots at an innocent man who has lost a leg; and Billy Bones tries to kill Black Dog, who comes to represent Silver. In each yarn the cripple is represented as singularly hardy and active; and at least once he murders by striking the victim with (a) the wooden leg (b) the crutch. (The superfluous knife-thrust in the back added to the latter crime probably parallels the equally unnecessary stab given the fallen merchant, whose neck is already broken, in "The Sign of Four.") In each the cripple is embarrassed in his attempt to move rapidly by the sinking of his timber leg into (a) the marshy land along the Thames (b) the sand of the island.

Various other details are suggestive, such as the narrow escape on shipboard from (a) the Andaman Islander's dart (b) Israel Hands's thrown knife; the names applied to the principal characters (a) Jonathan Small (b) Long (i.e. tall or large) John; the chapter headings (a) "The Episode of the Barrel" (b) "What I Heard in the Apple Barrel"; the finding of (a) the body of Mrs. Dawson and farther on the bodies of her husband and the four sepoys he has killed (b) "Flint's Pointer" and the skeletons of the other five seamen Flint has killed; the ritualistic use of (a) "the sign of four" (b) the "Black Spot"; and possibly the eccentric personalities of (a) Thaddeus Sholto (b) Ben Gunn. At least a dozen less obvious similarities must be omitted to conserve space.

H. F. WATSON

Indianola, Iowa

"This is the National. . . . Good Lord, I'm fired again!"

"Coincidence"

SIR:—In 1908, I came across a story called "Mrs. Knollys" in a collection published by the American Book Company with an introduction by Brander Matthews. The author of the story, according to Mr. Matthews, was Frederic J. Stimson, a lawyer of distinction who had written several work of fiction. He was born in 1855 and his story, "Mrs. Knollys," was written in 1883. The principle incidents were these:

While touring "Switzerland with his bride, Charles Knollys slipped into a crevasse and vanished utterly from the earth. . . .

"Forty-five years later, safe in the ice, there lay, not her Charles but a boy . . . his quaint coat, of the fashion of a half century before, his blue eyes open, his young brow . . . and she, his wife, stood there with her wrinkles, her bent figure, her white hair . . . . Then, at last, came the long-kept tears."

Last week, at an old book stand, I picked up a book called "Selected German Short Stories." One of these was entitled "The Mines of Falun." The principle incidents were these:

Early on a wedding morning, a crowd of miners announced that a terrible landslide had destroyed the mine completely. . . . It was certain that Elis was buried under the fall. . . .

"Fifty years had elapsed since the unlucky wedding day . . . the miners found the body of a young miner in vitriolic water . . . the youth seemed to be in deep sleep . . . there was no sign of decay about the festal attire which he wore, even the flowers in his buttonhole seemed fresh. . . .

"Hardly had the old woman caught sight of the youth than she let fall her crutches and cried in tones of heart-rending sorrow: "Oh, Elis Frobom—oh, my dear love!"

This story was written by E. T. A. Hoffman who was born in 1766 and died in 1822.

BERNARD SOBEL

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Atwood . . .

FREE AS THE WIND. By Dascomb Atwood. New York: Liveright. 1942. 331 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

AMERICAN regional novelists have the happy determination to leave no corner of the United States undescribed and its romantic past unchronicled. No one book—not "Leaves of Grass" or "An American Tragedy" or "Look Homeward, Angel"—can express more than a tiny fraction of America; but in recent years hundreds of novels dealing with pioneer and modern Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kentucky, California have helped piece out the great pattern of our nation. "Free As the Wind" adds in a modest and agreeable fashion a novelized account of the Dutch settlement in southwest Michigan, founded in 1847 by Van Raalte and fellow-immigrants. The story covers a century of the Zuppan family; their exodus from Friesland, their pioneer hardships and final success, their retention of sterling Dutch qualities that preclude softening and decadence in a modern age of prosperity.

There are so many good things in the book that one wonders why the general impression is not more powerful and stirring. Perhaps it is too brisk. The Zuppan saga actually covers far more years and space than that of the Forsytes, and as a result the swift passage of time and generations leaves one a little dizzy. (Nevertheless a large chunk of the novel is devoted to a dramatic account of the great Chicago fire, which has nothing much to do with the story.) But good things are here—the sharp portraiture, an accurate historical and geographic sense, and (the best parts of the book) the exquisite sketches of the Netherlands landscape and Vermeer-like interiors. The story becomes properly melodramatic when a contemporary Zuppan marries a sadistic Nazi, and when her physician-brother is interned in Holland and commanded to coöperate with the military conquerors in a horrifying program of euthanasia. No page on which a Nazi fanatic appears can keep its normal temperature.

Although this first novel lacks the lift of poetry and the dark beauty which distinguish the Dutch-American stories of David DeJong, it is shrewd and readable and achieves genuine excitement in its closing section. The title comes from an ancient state motto of Friesland: "A Frieslander must always be as free as the wind out the cloud." Today more than ever he must be free as the wind from fear.

Dascomb Atwood

Preston Schoyer

Schoyer . . .

THE FOREIGNERS. By Preston Schoyer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 617 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

WITHOUT possessing either the verbal magic or the concentrated drama of Mrs. Buck's books, Preston Schoyer's novel of China is in its own way a very rich and eloquent piece of work. It is a result of Mr. Schoyer's three and a half years of work in China; throughout the book the fictional device runs thin where it does not actually disappear, and we find ourselves reading a first hand account of China and the Chinese. It is not by any means an interpretation or a psychoanalysis, certainly not a romanticizing. What Mr. Schoyer has learned best about China is its essential resilience and impenetrability, its invulnerability to the foreign touch, be it love or hate. There are no careful and devious portraits here of the Chinese. They pass quietly through the pages in great numbers, friendly, humorous, patient, and inaccessible. We do see them in another way, though, obliquely, in the images they cast upon the foreigners. The book is well named, then, for it is the foreigners who give us our picture of China, seen in a glass darkly.

All are foreigners, the American missionaries and school teachers, the English traders, the white Russian beggars, and most of all the Japanese, those "barbaric dwarfs from the North." Among these there stretch tightening lines of intrigue, the battle for control of China, for the American missionaries, in their attempt to Christianize the Chinese, are as bent upon their own kind of control as are the Japanese in their open brutality. The story opens before the Japanese attack but the first lines are already being drawn. The Japanese are making the first tentative steps, their diplomats already clicking heels in Chinese halls, and North and South China are bickering and angling for dominant position. On a less sinister plane the missionary world is singularly blind to all this, and seems bent upon teaching the Chinese good Western manners, patronizing when they are not insulting them. Mr. Schoyer worked in this field as a teacher; he knows it thoroughly.

Then, of course, the whole thing blows up. The Japanese are in Peking, and the whole of China coalesces like a kaleidoscope turned upside down. The effect of this upon the foreigners is enlightening. It is their tight and logical little world that disintegrates, while the Chinese remain whole and calm, knowing what they have always known and what the foreigners have yet to learn. "Foreigner," says one, upon a climactic page. "But when the bombs fall and the fire burns . . . we are all Chinese!" Check this remark for future reference. The pages are filled with flashes of observation and dialogue that illumine some of the furthest niches of Chinese character, even as they remind us of the hopelessness of ever seeing the whole. Mr. Schoyer writes with evident love and respect, and with such absence of heroics and sentimentalizing as to indicate that he has not remained entirely a foreigner.

The *Parents' Magazine* announces its sixteenth annual award for the outstanding book for parents published during the year just past. On the advice of a committee of leaders in parent education, the 1941 medal has been awarded to Mrs. Anna W. M. Wolf for her book, "The Parents' Manual," published by Simon & Schuster.

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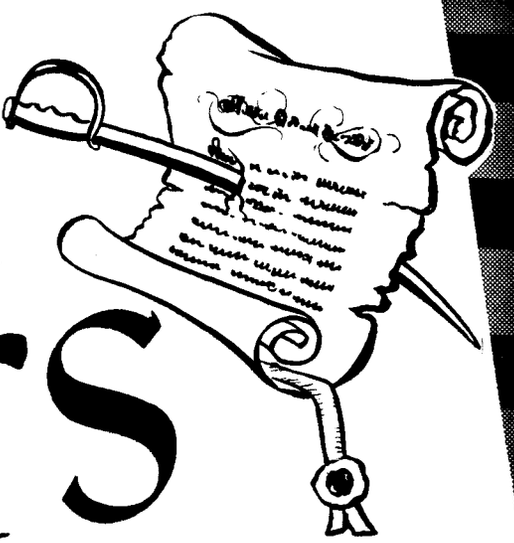
Ten Years



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Davis . . .

IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT. By Kenneth S. Davis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THIS is a first novel of unusual calibre, full of crudeness and awkwardness, but alive, honest, understanding. It is a work of reflection and compassion, and, though its interest lies in something deeper than plot, an excellent yarn in its own right. It is the story of two men both of whom bear the scars of the First World War in the nervous and psychological dislocation which has colored and conditioned their lives since it. David Larson, of stronger spiritual stuff than the other, has conquered the hysteria of shell-shock to the extent that it is only in his moments off-guard that the old nightmare has power to haunt him, but the second, Kendall, crack forestry expert and a man of inherent decency and idealism, has succumbed to the mental havoc wrought by war experiences and has taken to drinking to an excess which is making him a legend.

When the novel opens Kendall has finished up a final spree with an automobile accident, and Larson is on his way to Kendall's post in northern Minnesota to make an examination into the crash for the Land Management Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. He hates his commission even before he begins to execute it, and his distaste for the job grows after his first interview with Kendall's superior and with Kendall himself. The relationship between the two men, with Larson trying to pull Kendall back to health and sobriety, the portrayal of the functioning of officialdom and of the petty men who are its personnel, the descriptions of Kendall's relations with his wife and son and of his wife's half-hearted affair with a local mediocrity, the final crash of Kendall's will power under the weight of hostility and reprobation, the catastrophe which he brings about at the end for himself and others—these constitute the story.

Mr. Davis is amateurish at times and not particularly successful in handling the romantic incidents of his tale or in the portrayal of the women in it, but he is sensitive, convincing, and moving in his interpretation of his main characters and sure and effective in the dramatic conflict precipitated both within their individual natures and in their relations to each other. Both men are entirely credible, animated by motives and emotions which are completely believable, and though the downfall of one and the failure of the other to prevent it are sketched with sympathy, it is without anything of sentimentality.

In the end Mr. Davis breaks down, and his conclusion is both implausible and inartistic; the novel would have had more power if it had ended with Kendall's plunge into the wilderness. Incidentally, Mr. Davis is very effective in the descriptions which his conclusion makes possible, in the portrayal of the Minnesota country swept by snow and storm and of the vast solitude which the elements made so inclement. The feel of the north country is in his book, and the knowledge of its characteristics everywhere apparent. And he has insight into and compassion for the tempests that can tear men's souls as well as for those that ravage nature. There is a good deal that is fumbling in his work—the whole episode of Kendall's wife and her relations with her lover is thin and maladroit and the part alloted to his son is obviously contrived to point a moral—but there is much that is fresh, strong, and interesting, enough to make one eager for the next book to come from his pen.

Do you know the man who defended an American city 8 months?

PEOPLE remember Lee at Gettysburg and Grant at Appomattox. But how many know of the heroic defense of Vicksburg by a Northerner, John C. Pemberton, a West Pointer fighting for the Southern cause? For over eight months he held Vicksburg against Grant's overwhelming forces. After the smoke of the battle had cleared away Jefferson Davis wrote to General Pemberton: "I thought and still think that you did right to risk an army for the purpose of keeping command of even a section of the Mississippi River . . . had you not made the attempt few if any would have defended your cause."

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PEMBERTON

DEFENDER OF VICKSBURG

By J. C. Pemberton

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS · CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Knight . . .

SAM SMALL FLIES AGAIN. By Eric Knight. New York: Harpers. 1942. 285 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

EVERYONE knows that Sam Small, after that show in Madison Square Gardens, promised his "Mully" that he'd never fly again: but what could he do? He had been turned into the very spit of Rudolph Hess, whipped over to Germany and was on his way, accompanied by the real Hess, to Scotland: the airplane ran out of gas; Hess, the dirty tyke, bails out in the only parachute, so what could Sam do but fly again? So he jumps out of the careering machine, muttering:

> "Ah hoap Ah hevn't forgot how to dew it. For if Ah hev, Ah'm bahn to land wi' a fearful bloody smack."

He's remembered, but is a trifle too ambitious in his landing, and comes a-wallop against the door-lintel of his home; the wallop, it seems, also transforms his German uniform, for Molly doesn't mention it when she collects him.

These ten adventures—"The Flying Yorkshireman" is one of them—are a rich and rare tribute to England's largest county and its people. They're

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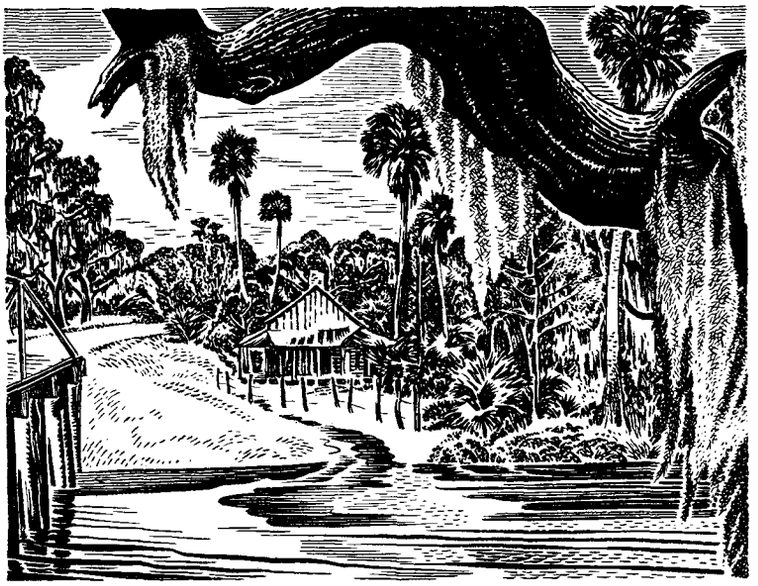
The New Book by the author of **THE YEARLING**



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by

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

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author of "Frost and Fire"

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SEMANTICS

By HUGH WALPOLE

W·W·NORTON & CO., 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

a resourceful folk. Look at Sam's sense when he finds out that he's Hess, and is called on to telephone. "Hello," Sam said. "Heil Hitler! Is that you, Rudolph?" said the voice. "Aye, Heil Hitler! It's me," Sam said. "Who's this?" "Heil Hitler, it's me." "Who?" "Hitler!" "Oh, heil you," said Sam. "How are you?" "Heil me," said Hitler, "I'm lonesome, Rudy." That "Heil you" just soothed the rather irritable Führer, and put him in the mood to take Sam's advice about the invasion.

Here is the story of the talking tyke, that loving little bitch who keeps Sam company when Molly pops over to California to see their grandchild. It's a sad tale in a way, for Molly gets unreasonably jealous when the tyke changes into a girl and people gossip to her before Sam can explain. There's the story of the split personality when Sam becomes two people; and there are the two rollicking and robust stories, "Sam and the Ugly Tyke," and "Mary Ann and the Duke." And what worker will not love "Never Come Monday," a story of a perpetual Sunday! It is true that some readers may find a few incidents a shade improbable; but they little know what happens in lonely Yorkshire villages tucked away in the vast moors. It's a queer county, Yorkshire.

Mr. McKay's pen-and-ink drawings are a fancy accompaniment to Eric Knight's rich humor; but why do not illustrators read their authors more carefully? At least twice Mr. McKay contradicts his text—he takes Hess out of his pajamas and he deprives Ian Cawper's opponent of his great blond beard. Folk-tales—for all these stories are proper folk-tales—shouldn't be thus disrespectfully tampered with.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. The reindeer in "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement C. Moore.
2. The children of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Alice Regan Rice.
3. Habitues of the Rainbow Inn in "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
4. The travelers who died while crossing "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder.
5. Church members who vowed to do as Jesus would do for one year in "In His Steps," by Charles Sheldon.
6. The "incorruptibles" in "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg," by Mark Twain.
7. Besiegers of Troy in "The Iliad," by Homer.
8. The crew in "The Hunting of the Snark," by Lewis Carroll.
9. The Joad family in "Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck.
10. The crew of "H.M.S. Pinafore," by W. S. Gilbert.

CULTURE, CANADIAN STYLE

(Continued from page 4)

ing force, distilled by his own personality and informed by his own intuitions.

If we look at the situation more closely, there is no reason to be found why Canadians should be ashamed of themselves or of their efforts. Art is not a thing which can be forced. It can be encouraged, but no one can force it to grow. The fact is, as a country we are younger than we generally understand; just as the United States, for all its brilliant success, is younger than either it or the rest of the world realizes. Mechanization is easy and quick; art is long, and difficult. And, like the iceberg, far the greater part of a people's artistic roots lie concealed from sight so deeply that we feel, rather than see, the validity of their existence.

This fact—the immemorial age of the values and impulses on which art rests—seems to me the core of our problem. Those roots of ours go back for hundreds of years. They derive their emotional power not from Yonge Street or the shores of the St. Lawrence or the coast of Nova Scotia, but from the buried experiences of our forefathers in the various sections of the Old Country from which they spring, from France, and from other regions of the European continent. There lies our prime source—what the Germans would call the *Urquell*.

But these same values and responses, however deep they lie, suffered a sea-change when they crossed the Atlantic. This change, owing to the northerly latitudes and freezing winters, was sharper than that experienced by settlers in the United States. It has taken more time for the period of re-gestation to complete itself. But the day of release is inevitable. And when a true Canadian literature emerges, it is of some significance to observe where its main market will lie. Will the Canadian buying public be sufficiently large to sustain a literature of its own? Judged by present conditions, the answer is definitely no. The United States will be our only hope, and there we must compete with Americans on their own terms, since they have already invaded our own small home market to compete successfully with British products. It is necessary, therefore, that we consider the American point of view, and see whether or not Canadian writers can make it their own.

The more Canadians read American books, the more convinced we become that the whole tradition of writing in the United States, the point of view

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most readily listened to from New York to California, is inspired by the Yankee tradition. There are important regional exceptions, but in general the American point of view is that of the traditional New England Yankee. It has been made such by a uniformity of education and by a deliberate and highly successful attempt to Americanize the various elements in the national melting pot. Its acceptance has been furthered by the type of people who have tended to emigrate to the United States from the beginning, whether they came from Devon and Dorset or from Germany and Middle Europe. Essentially, the Yankee point of view is now, and always has been, that of the constructive dissenter.

The great Yankee formula of writing derives its inspiration from only a few of the great stories of the human race. Essentially, it is a realistic literature of escape, of dissenters from authority turning the tables or moving on elsewhere, of the clever fox. And as a counterpoint to this, its tragedy lies not so much in worldly failure or in the powers of worldly corruption, as in the bitterness of worldly success, in loneliness, in the exhaustion produced by its own super-abundant vitality, in its refusal to respect contemplation, in its chronic inability to feel either wonder or reverence, in its powerlessness to comprehend humility.

Put another way, does the Yankee tradition, as I have outlined it, strike a deep, responsive chord in us?

The answer to these questions cannot be absolute, but it is safe to say that an enormous majority of Canadians, if they gave the matter any thought at all, would say no. And if by a miracle the Great American Novel came from the pen of a Canadian, it is certain that he would have decided to emigrate to the United States as soon as he came of age.

It therefore follows that Canadians cannot hope to take advantage of the already existing American market within the limits of the already prepared American tradition. This Yankee point of view simply is not ours. We all understand it, we regard it with genuine admiration and sympathy, some of the descendants of the Empire Loyalists and some of the newer arrivals from England may possibly share it to a small extent, but Canadians as a whole are different. If this were not so, Canada long ago would have become a part of the United States.

This difference in national character, coupled with the lesser fact that Americans are not particularly interested in the Canadian scene as such, makes it difficult for a Canadian writ-

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er to acquire a foothold. Some of us may make sporadic gold-strikes, but we cannot count on a steady expectancy of success until we have built up a national culture behind us which will be considered on its own merits, and not merely valued on the accidental fact that a few of our books happen to reflect an American pattern of mind.

When Canada does become articulate, it will be observed that her culture differs as much from that of the United States as at present the American culture differs from that of England. In the meantime, some of us are trying to write about the American scene and pretend we are Americans; others are trying to tackle the Canadian scene from the American point of view. We are not successful in this attempt because inner values are things which no writer, no matter how he tries, can keep out of his work.

So, at last, we may bring the investigation home, and ask ourselves on what basis these values of ours rest. From what deep remembrance of things past, from what sources in our various racial memories, do these values spring? When we find the answers we shall have the beginning of a truly Canadian point of view.

Hugh MacLennan is the author of "Barometer Rising," published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

3 W's of Radio

WHO, WHAT, WHY IS RADIO? By Robert J. Landry. New York: George W. Stewart, Inc. 1942. 128 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN K. HUTCHENS

SO varied and complex has been radio's growth as an art and an industry, so vital is its role in the world today, that this quick summary by the radio editor and critic of *Variety* arrives with a particular timeliness. Some millions of Americans, one ventures to say, have discovered the radio only recently—since September, 1939, say, and especially since December 7 last. Until then, if they had listened at all, they had casually regarded that piece of livingroom furniture as an interesting phenomenon, an occasional source of amusement. Transformed by the impact of events into regular listeners, they were to realize suddenly that here is the greatest medium ever conceived for mass appeal; and if they did not ask how long this had been going on—because almost everyone knows that broadcasting in the popular sense began just twenty-two years ago—they must have asked certain other questions that had never occurred to them before. Here is Mr. Landry to answer them.

Better than anyone else who comes to mind he is qualified to do so, for as a radio critic he is astute and sensitive and as a radio editor he is in *Variety's* honest, hardboiled, objective tradition of newsgathering. Above all, unlike so many who write about radio, he respects it: for its artistic achievements and possibilities and as a tremendous force for democracy.

Indeed, democracy and its effect on radio, and vice versa, are his principal concern here. Radio's faults, he finds, are those of democracy—the blundering, as reflected in legislation governing radio; the inconsistencies, the delays, the red tape. But so are its virtues those of competitive private enterprise, to which he attributes the fact—and it is a fact—that American radio offers "the best and most diversified programs in all the world." If the networks are frequently undemocratic in business method, he finds that in sum they are eminently fair. In fact, glancing at the use which demogogues have made of the air, he wonders if radio has not on occasion been *too* fair, to the point where "a miracle of science can transform a local bounder into a nationally famous cad."

This conclusion, and he argues it well, he reaches after setting forth his own three-point program for a democratic radio: government regulation which is not censorship; "enlightened selfishness," or responsibility, on the part of the industry; and responsible professional criticism, of which there is too little. On the way to this he has sketched the origins of the present broadcasting system, including the part played by advertisers (a good deal less nefarious than you might imagine); explained the taboos and codes, and discussed one by one the broad categories into which programs fall.

Necessarily, this is a once-over-lightly view of the field, designed as a general introduction to other volumes by other writers who will deal more specifically with separate phases of radio. Necessarily, too, it must be tentative about certain subjects, such as the relationship between the Federal Communications Commission and the networks, which now awaits decision in the courts. All in all, a thoughtful, informative, briskly written book, representing a social-industrial point of view to which radio's largely technical literature has not paid much attention.

A coupon as is a coupon—

it has space enough for the most *sprawling* signature

SRL1220

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TRADE WINDS

IN THE GOLDEN TWENTIES new publishing houses blossomed forth in clusters. Of late years, however, newcomers in the field have been far and few between—scarce enough, in fact, to occasion considerable surprise on the part of several people I have encountered lately.

The public doesn't understand why it is so tough to launch a successful new publishing enterprise under existing conditions. Two factors have increased the hazards immeasurably. In the first place, it takes a lot more capital today to start a publishing house of any pretensions whatever than it did fifteen years ago. The costs of every kind of material have gone up, and the size of authors' advance royalties have doubled and redoubled. One or two venturesome beginners have found a great best seller to tide them over the first shaky years, but as a general rule, I would say that a man would be lost before he started if he established a publishing house today with a working capital of less than one hundred thousand dollars.

In the second place, the competition is infinitely more keen than it was in the complacent days that followed the last war. Publishers have changed just as much in the past twenty-five years as automobiles and women's fashions. A typical book publisher in 1915 was an old fuddy-duddy with a gold watch chain stretched tautly across his fat midriff, who complacently and instinctively rejected any manuscript that bore the faintest trace of a new idea or technique.

Today your typical publisher is a youngish executive whose literary standards are just as impeccable and political philosophy is just as advanced as the authors he has under contract. Men of this type are at the helm of the long-established firms today, as well as the houses that were launched in the past generation. They have a keen sense of changing public tastes and are well up on all the latest tricks of packaging and merchandising. A newcomer who can filch a property of any value whatever from such a collection of wolves is worthy of his salt for sure!

THE BIG CHARADE of the Week was contributed by Gene Fowler, who complained that his new butler had not only forgotten to put studs in his shirt, but had laid out yellow oxfords to be worn with his dress suit. The question: What best seller did this situation represent? The answer: How Green Was My Valet. The verdict: Guilty on all charges . . . The almost simultaneous publication of three books dealing with split personalities ("Deadlier Than the Male"; "Hangover Square"; "Heads You Lose") inspired the poet laureate of Scribner's to compose the following lyric:

This is by no means a lean year
For folks who like to read about
schizophrenia
And I wisht I knew the reason
Why they all had to split their
Personalities in one season!

QUENTIN REYNOLDS's friends tendered him a midnight supper last Saturday to celebrate the end of his lecture tour and the publication of "Convoy." The proceeds paid for two new ambulances for the British-American Corps. The party was thrown into an uproar by the sudden appearance of Miss Myrna Loy at a ringside table. Everybody on the dais spied her at the same moment, and there followed the greatest mass rush since the days of the Klondike. The only person left at the speakers' table was a mystified waiter. Deems Taylor had the inside track to Miss Loy's side, but Wendell Willkie beat him in a photo finish. Just as Mr. Willkie started to lead her off in triumph, Miss Loy spotted Quent and threw her arms around him in a super-Hollywood greeting. "Shucks," Mr. Willkie was heard to mutter (or words to that effect), "this competition is too much for me!" Reynolds, incidentally, announced that his new book, about Russia and Libya, will be called "Only the Stars Are Neutral."

DALE WARREN, publicity director of Houghton Mifflin, bon vivant, cotillion leader, and author of "The Care and Feeding of a Place in the Country" received a beguiling fan letter the other day that began, "I am writing to tell you what a delicious time I had with your book for half an hour in Altman's the other morning." Some people construe a "come in and browse" sign as an invitation to set up light housekeeping. The wear and tear on books like the "U. S. Camera Annual" and "The *New Yorker* Album" are hard to imagine. And how those browsers to do like to study the pages of the Body Beautiful! It's the artist in them . . . George Oppenheimer, of the Viking Oppenheimers, was invited for a week-end at the famous Hearst ranch in San Simeon, and his mother made him promise to render a prompt and detailed report of the goings-on. The morning after his arrival she received the following wire: "Two things have happened to me here already that never happened to me before. My car was stopped by a camel and I fell downstairs in my own bedroom!"

BENNETT CERF.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
I'LL SING AT YOUR FUNERAL *Hugh Pentecost* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Poisoning of Manhattan night club star arouses latent deductive powers of rivet-punching baritone who outsmarts professionals handily.	Tough, pungent, amusing, and sufficiently bloodthirsty mixture of society dilettantes, Carnegie Hall vocalists, and puzzled police, with engaging central character.	Sure-fire
FEAR STALKS THE VILLAGE *Ethel Lina White* (Harpers: $2.)	Visiting novelist's random guess at possible evil currents 'neath placid English village surface borne out by sudden reign of terror.	Deadly effects of anonymous letters, and their tracing by acutely intelligent Ignatius Brown make up slightly forced but always interesting yarn.	Absorbing
ONLY THE GUILTY *Aaron Marc Stein* (Crime Club: $2.)	Archaeologist Mulligan and tousle haired assistant Elsie Hunt explain murderous pattern of fraud developed in Colombian *hacienda*.	Expertly faked manuscript and fraudulent wounds on two corpses tip-off two sleuths to solution clinched by burning of evidence.	Good
MURDER R.F.D. *Herman Petersen* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Mad bull causes first death. Shooting and strangling follow. Canny Conn. coroner hands solution to aspiring young D.A.	Loves and hatreds of farming community satisfactorily ventilated. Medico sleuth is good and puzzle hard one to solve.	Worthwhile

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

JUST too late for inclusion in my last came this note from Miriam Allen deFord (Shipley) of San Francisco: "I like the idea of the Crostics Club. I just gave your Double-Crostics as my pet recreation in a questionnaire from Doubleday, Doran, who are publishing a novel of mine this fall. It might interest you to know that 'serendipity' was a favorite word of Wilfred Meynell's (Alice Meynell's editor-husband); he claimed to have resurrected it." Mrs. deFord, incidentally, is the compiler of that huge compendium published in 1940 by H. W. Wilson Co., "Who Was When," an excellent reference book for placement from dates given, if you have space for its size in your apartment!

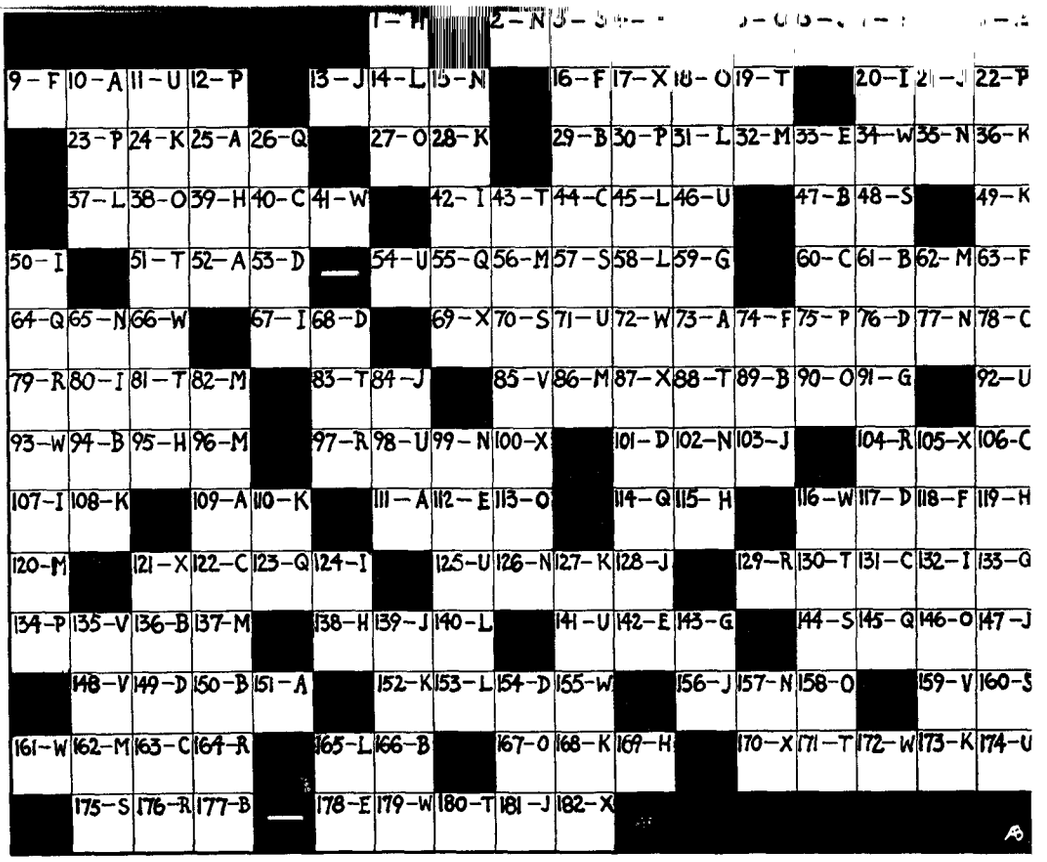
From Elizabeth Bacon, So. Salem, N. Y., and Helen A. Bagley, Germantown, Pa., come responses to my query as to the use of *otherest* outside of Emerson. Both refer to "Our Mutual Friend." Writes Mrs. Bagley: "I've run it down in 'Our Mutual Friend,' Vol. 2, Book 3, Chap. 11, where Mr. Riderhead calls Bradley Headstone first, 'T'tother t'other Governor' and then 'T'otherest Governor'—which sticks."

Mrs. Robert A. Millikan of Pasadena corrects an error in D. C. No. 212 where *Eris* should be the *sister*, not the daughter of Ares. But when she rebukes me for the use of three words not in her dictionary, I can only say to her and others who write similarly that the directions accompanying each Double-Crostic state that my authority is Webster's New International 1940.

Mr. George Boissard tells us that the fun of discovering Joseph Davies among our authors recently dates back to 1910 when he had his first lunch with him in Madison, Wis. "Joe was a bright young lawyer from Watertown, Wis., which had been the American home of Carl Schurtz when he first came to America in '49, and remains to this day the home of the far-famed Watertown goose."

This reminds me of a letter not long ago from another Wisconsiner who asked me if I wouldn't advertise their *Cheese* through my DC's in the *S.R.L.* When I asked for amplification of her request she wrote, that few knew that Wisconsin is the first cheese-making State in the Union, and that since solving Double-Crostics requires brains, and cheese is an excellent mean ration for brain development, there was a connection between her request and my puzzles. If I haven't used the word Wisconsin in this connection since, it is not because I've forgotten her request, but because it isn't needed now, since the consignment of that load of Wisconsin cheese to England in their dire need last year advertised it far more extensively than we could have done, even though we have puzzlers unto Australia.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 418

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1940 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 6 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Sportively mischievous.
B. Honorable; artlessly frank.
C. English poet (1618-58).
D. Belonging to a time way back (comp.)
E. The dragon of darkness (Bib.: Job).
F. To overreach.
G. He wrote his own epitaph, "Life is a jest," etc. (Westminster Abbey).
H. Patron St. of sailors and Barcelona.
I. Novel by J. F. Cooper (with *The;* 1846).
J. Treaty ending Russo-Turkish War (1878).
K. Wife of King Eadgar and mother of Aethelred the Unready (England; 10th Cent.)
L. Capital of The Confederacy.
M. Versatile (comp.)
N. A Winter Idyl by Whittier.
O. Dissolution or disintegration of cells (physiol.)
P. To remain beyond propriety.
Q. Famous old London prison razed in 1902.
R. Courted favor cringingly.
S. One of Job's three friends.
T. Historical play in blank verse by Bulwer Lytton.
U. Husband of Naomi (Bib.)
V. Free from adulteration.
W. An American species of *populus* (tree).
X. Kept clear of.

WORDS

(1) 25 52 10 109 151 73
89 177 150 136 166 94 61 47 29
40 163 78 122 131 44 60 106
76 101 68 149 154 53 117
8 112 178 142 33
74 118 4 16 9 63
59 91 143
169 39 95 138 119 1 115
107 132 124 20 80 67 50 42
147 156 13 181 103 128 84 21 139 6
49 108 173 28 110 168 127 36 152 24
45 165 37 153 31 14 58 140
86 82 62 56 137 162 96 32 120
65 157 77 15 2 126 102 99 35
90 158 167 38 18 5 113 27 146
30 7 12 75 23 134 22
123 145 114 133 55 26 64
97 79 104 164 176 129
3 144 57 48 175 160 70
88 83 43 171 51 19 81 130 180
174 54 98 125 71 141 46 92 11
159 148 85 135
72 93 161 66 34 155 116 179 172 41
182 121 69 105 87 170 17 100

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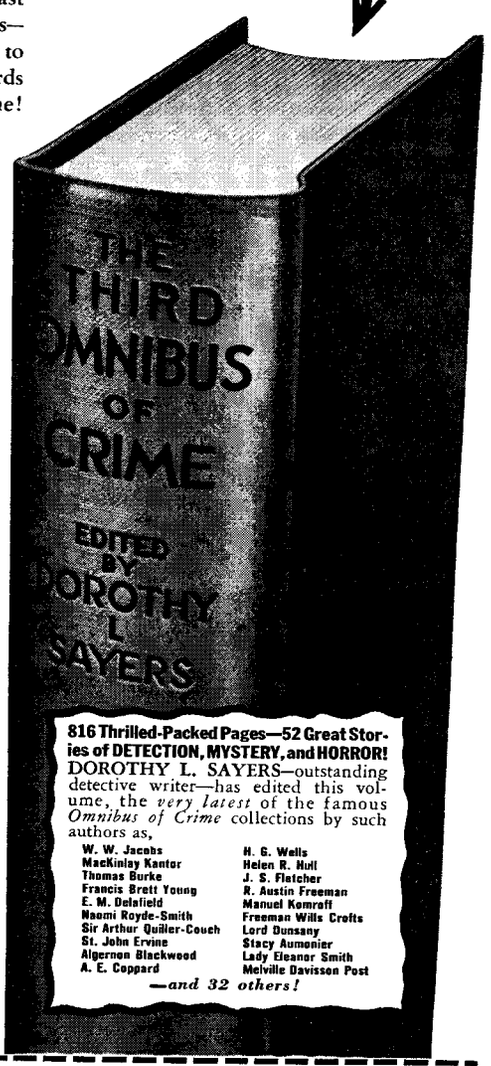

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